

Vol. I, No. 5
May 7, 1946

TREASURE CHEST

OF
FUN &
FACTS



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WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

WHAT TIME IS IT?

TELLING TIME THROUGH THE AGES




GERMAN CLOCK OF 1640
ITS WORKS WERE MADE OF
WOOD AND WERE KEPT IN
MOTION BY THE WEIGHT
OF TWO STONES.
THE PRINCIPLE OF THE
PENDULUM WAS DISCOVERED
ABOUT 1657



SWISS
CUCKOO CLOCK



ENGLISH "LANTERN"
OR "BIRD CAGE"
CLOCK 1654



RUSH LIGHT HOLDERS
THE NUMBER OF TALLOW-
COATED RUSHES BURN'T IN
AN EVENING GAVE SOME
IDEA OF THE TIME.



SOME EARLY WATCHES
THEY WERE MADE IN
NUREMBERG AND WERE
CALLED "NUREMBERG EGGS"
1500-1699



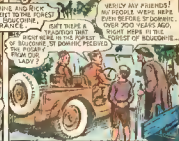
GRANDFATHER
CLOCK



THE SUN DIAL
IT SHOWED THE TIME OF
DAY BY THE SHADOW CAST
BY THE Gnomon ON A
PLATE OR DIAL.
MANY SUN DIALS
ARE STILL IN USE

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OUR LADY *Everywhere at Home*

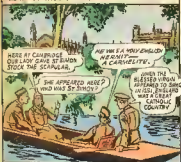




ANNE AND RICK WENT ON TO LOURDES. OUR LADY'S FIRST APPEARANCE THERE WAS IN 1858. THE SHRINE WAS THEN A...



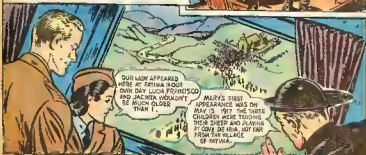
NEXT ANNE AND RICK VISITED AT CAMBRIDGE ENGLAND.



THIS IS OUR BLESSED LADY'S
PLEDGE TO US OF ETERNAL HAPPINESS



RICK AND ANNE WITH A PORTUGUESE PRIEST,
WENT TO PORTUGAL TO HONOR OUR LADY OF FATIMA.



WHOEVER DIES
WITH THIS TORN
OF MY LOVE,
SHALL NOT
SUFFER ETERNAL
FIRE

WE ARE SAD, DEAREST
MOTHER, WE KNOW
YOU LOVE US, BUT
GIVE US A SIGN OF
YOUR LOVE.



JULY 16th 12:51, IN A CHAPEL AT CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

MEDICAL ENGLAND
LOVED MARY

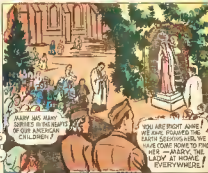
AMERICANS TOO
HONOR THE BLESSED
MOTHER

OUR LADY HAS
MANY FRIENDS IN
AMERICA.

CUSTOMS
CHARGE BUT
HEARTS DO NOT.
MARY COMES
TO ALL WHO
LOVE HER SON



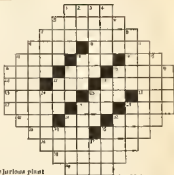




By Jules Leopold

1. Unbloody sacrifice of	77	Civil
the Cross	23	Plan
5 Our southern neighbor	29	Drug
7 Highest officers in the	36	By way of
Army	27	Ilms
9 Fat	26	Rude cable
10 Canned	29	Past tense of "go"
12 Vapor	30	Perked
13 Industrious insect	41	Hurry
14 Whiling instrument	32	Great mass of ice
16 Soldiers	33	More resant
17 Possessive pronoun	34	Bugs insects
18 Celestial realm	40	Brought back
20 Part of a globe	28	Ferns tennis champ
21 Tom-natch to leave	29	Necessity *

1. To staple	23. Compelled
2. Chopping tool	24. Consumed
3. These sound on cold warnings	25. Obeying
4. Scarcely sufficient	26. Final
5. Such, and so much	27. Frozen water
6. Aged	28. Adult pig
7. A kind of entertainment	29. Cause rift
8. Part of a flower	30. Girl's name
9. Light meal	31. Strike gently
10. Rescue from evil	32. To in
	33. Old Sol
	34. Such sudden



29. Injurious plant
31. Substance rubbed on
 velvet bows
32. First particle of "ba"
34. Moist
35. Brought up
37. Kind of poem

Plenty of fun in this new word game! The idea is to see who can get the highest score. You can play it against your friends, or try to beat our score of 217 as shown in the example below.

The rules are simple. Fill the diagram with three good English words (no proper nouns). Then give each letter its value as shown in the Letter Value chart.

	The rule proper nouns			
	My Score _____			

To get your score, add up the total values of the 13 letters. Don't use different forms of the same word, as: RUN and RAN, GIVE and GIVING.

A-10	H-29	O-42
B-20	I-11	P-7
C-17	J-5	Q-2
D-29	K-16	R-25
E-9	L-15	S-8
F-24	M-14	T-19
G-22	N-26	U-12

7	C	2	15	9
11	H	U	N	T
10	A	See Answer 37		
26	R			
20	G			
5	E	A	G	L
		6	12	3

A 3x3 grid graph with a central node connected to all eight surrounding nodes.

Can you write the numbers from 1 to 9, one in each circle, so that the total for any three circles lying along a straight line will equal 15?

Par for solving this puzzle is 20 minutes.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE PUZZLES AP-
PEAR ON THE LAST PAGE OF THE GAME
OF THE LIMPING MAN STORY

[illegible]

PAIN TRANSFER APPLIC.

CHUCK WHITE

PART
5

OFFICER BROPHY
TIPPED OFF BY
SPOOK, FOUND
MRS. BLAKE'S
GROCERY STORE
WHERE CHUCK
AND BILL RANKIN'S
GANG HAD
BROKEN IN.

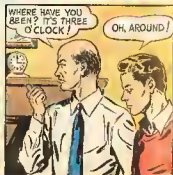
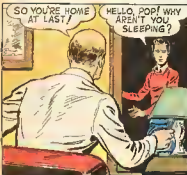


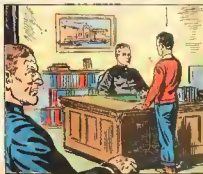
ALL RIGHT, BOYS,
HOLD IT!













BROPHY!



I'VE LEARNED A MOST DISTRESSING THING CHUCK. OFFICER BROPHY TELLS ME THAT A GROUP OF BOYS BROKE INTO A GROCERY LAST NIGHT.

WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH ME?



PLENTY, I FEAR! FOUR OF THE BOYS WERE IDENTIFIED AS . . .




BILL RANKIN, GIL MURDOCK, JULES JOHNSON AND CARL ADAMS

SO WHAT?



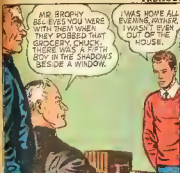
YOU KNOW WHO THEY ARE. I SAW YOU WITH THEM THE NIGHT BEFORE LAST.

SUPPOSE I WAS? THAT DOESN'T PROVE THAT I WAS WITH THEM LAST NIGHT.

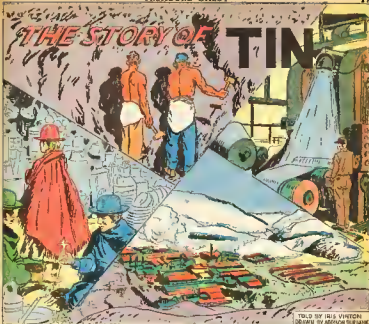


THE BOYS HAVE BEEN ARRESTED. THEY'RE AT THE POLICE STATION AND HAVE ADMITTED THEIR GUILT.

WELL THAT'S TOO BAD.







TOLD BY IRIS VINTON
DRAWN BY ADRIAN BURNHAM

TIN WAS FIRST MINED IN THE BRITISH ISLES
IN THE SECOND CENTURY, B.C.

GRIND THE TINSTONE
AS FINE AS GRAIN.

THE FINER WE
GRIND THE STONE
THE EASIER IT WILL
BE TO MELT
THE METAL OUT OF
IT.



PHOENICIAN MERCHANTS TRADED WITH THE BRITONS
FOR TIN. THEY WERE THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO KNEW
ABOUT THE ISLES OF TIN - THEIR NAME FOR GREAT BRITAIN

WE HAVE A CARGO OF
BRONZE DISHES AND
SALT TO TRADE FOR
YOUR TIN.

WE NEED
KNIVES AND
TOOLS TOO.

THOSE
THINGS ARE
EXPENSIVE.
YOU WILL
HAVE TO
GIVE US
MORE
TIN.



THE PHOENICIANS MELTED TIN WITH COPPER TO MAKE BRONZE, WHICH THEY SOLD TO THE GREEKS.

MY BRONZE WILL BE READY SOON.

I'M TAKING A SHIPLOAD OF BRONZE TO GREECE NEXT WEEK.



TIN WAS A NECESSARY PART OF THE ARMOR OF HEROES OF GREECE AND ROME. THE HELMETS AND SHIELDS OF AGAMEMNON AND ACHILLES WERE MADE FROM BRONZE.

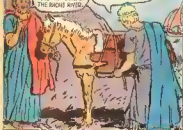
NO PERSIAN BOW CAN CRACK THIS SHIELD.



THE GREEKS TOOK UP TIN TRADING AFTER THE PHOENICIANS. THEY PACKED THE TIN BY HORSEBACK AS FAR AS THE RHONE RIVER IN FRANCE. FROM THERE, THEY CARRIED IT BY BOAT.

WE SHALL TAKE THIS TIN TO THE MOUTH OF THE RHONE RIVER.

IT WILL BE A 30-DAY JOURNEY.



WHEN CAESAR'S ROMANS CONQUERED BRITAIN, THEY TOOK OVER ALL THE VALUABLE TIN MINES.

WORK HARDER, YOU TWO. THE EMPEROR NEEDS MORE TIN.



AFTER THE ROMANS LEFT, THE BRITISH MINES WERE NEGLECTED. THEN KING RICHARD HAD THE MINERS TO WORK AGAIN. TIN HELPED FINANCE THE CRUSADES.

TO YOU, THE EARL-MANOR OF LANTERBURY, I GIVE THE MANAGEMENT OF ALL MY TIN MINES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

THEY WILL MAKE YOU VERY WEALTHY, KING RICHARD.



THE MINERS OF CORNWALL TOOK TINSTONE TO CRUDE BLAST FURNACES CALLED TROUNG HOUSES. IN THESE CARCOUL-BURNING FURNACES THE ORE WAS SMELTED TO EXTRACT THE PURE TIN.

THIS TINSTONE HAS BEEN HEATED FOR 7 OR 8 HOURS. IT SHOULD BE READY.

SEE, THE TIN IS RUNNING INTO THE TROUGH. LET US LOAD IT INTO THE MOLDS.



WHEN ZIN WAS MELTED TOGETHER WITH OTHER METALS, ALLOYS WERE FORMED WHICH WERE MUCH STRONGER AND MORE USEFUL THAN THE ORIGINAL METALS.

AFTER THREE
BLOCKS COOL, WE
SELL THEM ON
THE MARKET

WHEN OTHER METALS WITH
WILL BE MELT OUR TIN
ALONG WITH COPPER
SILVER, OR
ZINC TO MAKE
ENTIRELY NEW
AND DIFFERENT
METALS.

THE SECRET OF SMELTING TIN WAS KNOWN TO BRITISH TINMEN. BUT IN 1240, A CORNISH TINMAN WAS CONVICTED OF A CRIME AND BANISHED FROM ENGLAND. HE WENT TO BOHEMIA, TAKING THE SECRET OF TIN MAKING WITH HIM.

YOU SHALL LEAVE
ENGLAND, NEVER
TO RETURN

THE BANISHED TINMAN DISCOVERED TIN IN BOHEMIA
AND SET UP A RIVAL TO THE BRITISH TIN INDUSTRY

THERE, IS A
MUCH TIME
HERE AS I
CORNWALL

AND THE
CORNISHMAN
KNOWS HOW
TO SMELT IT.

IN THE 17TH-CENTURY A SCOTSMAN INVENTED A FURTHER
THE MOST IMPORTANT USE FOR TIN-THE MAKING OF TINPLATE.
BARS OF IRON WERE POUNDED INTO THIN SHEETS AND
"HEAT TREATED" TO MAKE THEM STRONG AND FLEXIBLE.

THIS SHEET ISN'T
QUITE HOT ENOUGH
YET.

WELL, THIS ONE'S THIN ENOUGH I'M READY FOR ANOTHER.

THE SHEET IRON WAS THEN "PICKLED" IN STEAMING BATHS OF SOUR RYE WATER TO MAKE THE SURFACE PERFECTLY CLEAN.

THIS PLACE IS
HOTTER THAN
AN OVEN!

WELL, THE PICKLING BATH HAS TO BE BOILING TO CLEAN THE IRON SHEETS.

FINALLY THE SHEET OF IRON WAS DIPPED INTO A TANK OF MELTED TIN. THE RESULTING TIN-PLATE COULD BE MADE INTO POTS AND MANY OTHER USEFUL IMPLEMENTS WHICH WOULD NOT EASILY RUST OR CORRODE. THE INVENTION OF THIS PROCESS GREATLY INCREASED THE USE OF TIN.



THE DUKE OF SAXONY OBTAINED THE SECRET OF MAKING TIN-PLATE BY SENDING A SPY TO THE BOHEMIAN TIN MINES.



IN THE 19TH CENTURY, TIN WAS FOUND IN SOME OF THE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH SEAS AND IN THE MALAY PENINSULA.



SINGAPORE BECAME THE WORLD'S TIN MARKET, BUT ALL TIN HAD TO BE SMELTED IN THE GREAT ENGLISH FURNACES. FROM AMERICA CAME TIN TO BE SMELTED THERE. LATER IT WAS MADE INTO TIN-PLATE IN THE UNITED STATES.



AMERICANS PACKED ALL KINDS OF FOOD IN CANS OF TIN-PLATE. THE UNITED STATES BECAME THE GREATEST CONSUMER OF TIN IN THE WORLD USING OVER HALF OF THE WORLD'S OUTPUT.



THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION BECAME THE GREATEST MAKER OF TIN-PLATE IN THE WORLD. FROM ITS PLANTS THIN SHEETS COATED WITH TIN WENT TO EVERY NATION ON THE GLOBE.



THEN CAME WORLD WAR II. THE JAPANESE TOOK OVER SINGAPORE, THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, AND THE DUTCH INDIES. WHAT WERE THE UNITED NATIONS TO DO FOR TIN?



TIN HAD BEEN MINED IN BOLIVIA FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS, BUT BECAUSE OF MANY OBSTACLES ITS USE HAD BEEN LIMITED. THE UNITED STATES TURNED TO BOLIVIA FOR TIN.

BUT WHAT ABOUT SMELTERS?

YES, ALL THE SMELTERS ARE IN ENGLAND.

HERE IS THE SECOND GREATEST TIN DEPOSIT ON EARTH.

THEN WE MUST BUILD SMELTERS.

THE WHOLE WORLD LOOKED TO THE UNITED STATES FOR WAR MATERIALS AND FOOD TO CARRY ON THE FIGHT. ALTHOUGH RICH IN ALMOST EVERYTHING ELSE, THE UNITED STATES HAD NO TIN—BUT...

SEND US SHELLS, AMMUNITION.

WE MUST HAVE FOOD, PETROL.

WE NEED GUNS, TANKS.



THE DEVELOPMENT OF BOLIVIAN TIN RESOURCES BEGAN WITH THE WORK OF ONE MAN, SIMON, A BOLIVIAN CHILD. IN 1890, YOUNG SIMON WAS A CLERK IN A STORE IN COCHABAMBA, BOLIVIA. ONE DAY HE ACCEPTED A TRACT OF LAND IN PAYMENT OF A DEBT TO HIS EMPLOYER.

GIVE ME THE DEED TO THE LAND IT SHOULD BE WORTH \$250.

SINCE I HAVE NO MONEY TO PAY, I'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU THE GOOD HERE IT IS.

YOU ARE DISCHARGED! TAKE THE WORTHLESS PAPER WITH YOU.

BUENO! I'LL TAKE THE PAPER WITH ME, I'LL PAY FOR IT.



SINCE PAID NO LEFT, THE CITY AND WENT TO LA SALVADORA, TO LIVE ON THE SUPPOSEDLY WORTHLESS LAND. HE FOUND TIN ON IT.

FOREIGN MINING COMPANIES BECAME INTERESTED IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BOLIVIAN TIN MINES.



MORE THAN 3000 MEN ARE UNDERGROUND TODAY.

THERE ARE MORE THAN 500 SEPARATE WORKING PLACES IN THIS ONE MINE.

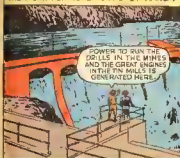
TIN ORE WAS FORMERLY DUG WITH PICK AND SHOVEL. IN THE MODERN MINES OF BOLIVIA, COMPRESSED AIR DRILLS AND OTHER SPECIALIZED EQUIPMENT NOW ARE USED.

THE TIN-BEARING ROCK WAS FORMERLY CRUSHED BY HAND. THIS IS NOW DONE BY GIANT ROLLERS. MODERN METHODS OF PRODUCTION ENABLED BOLIVIA TO INCREASE PRODUCTION WHEN THE NEED BECAME GREAT.

NO MACHINE CAN REPLACE THE INDIAN WOMEN WHO STILL PICK OUT THE GOOD ORE FROM THE WASTE TODAY. HOWEVER, CONVEYOR BELTS TRAVELING 30 FEET PER MINUTE CARRY THE ROCK IN FRONT OF THEM.

THE BOLIVIAN LLAMA, WHICH USED TO CARRY THE ORE, HAS BEEN REPLACED BY A MODERN RAILWAY.

HUGE POWER DAMS AND HYDRO-ELECTRIC PLANTS NOW FORCE MOUNTAIN STREAMS TO DO MUCH OF THE WORK FORMERLY DONE BY HAND.



POWER TO RUN THE DRILLS IN THE MINES AND THE GREAT ENGINES IN THE TIN MILLS IS GENERATED HERE.

MACHINERY COULD BE REDESIGNED TO OPERATE UNDER SUCH ADVERSE CONDITIONS. ONLY NATIVES, HOWEVER, WHO ARE USED TO THE THIN AIR OF THE HIGH ANDES, ARE ABLE TO DO WORK THERE WHICH INVOLVES PHYSICAL EXERTION.



ARE ALL YOUR MINERS AND WORKERS INDIANS?

YES, OTHER PEOPLE ARE NOT ABLE TO WORK ON THE ALTIPLANO.

BOLIVIA'S MINES ARE LOCATED ON THE ALTIPLANO, THE HIGH PLATEAU IN THE WESTERN PART OF THE COUNTRY. SPECIAL DIESEL ENGINES HAD TO BE DESIGNED TO RUN THE MINING AND MILLING MACHINERY BECAUSE IN THAT HIGH ALTITUDE THE AIR IS SO THIN THAT ORDINARY DIESEL ENGINES WILL NOT WORK.



ONLY HERE ON THE ALTIPLANO WILL YOU FIND THIS TYPE OF DIESEL.

IN THE BOLIVIAN MINES THERE ARE MANY UNDERGROUND CHAPELS. THE BOLIVIAN MINER IS DEEPLY RELIGIOUS.



BOLIVIA USED TO SHIP HER TIN ORE TO ENGLAND FOR SMELTING, BUT NOW MUCH OF IT GOES TO TEXAS.



THESE SACKS OF TIN CONCENTRATES WILL GO THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL AND ACROSS THE GULF OF MEXICO.



THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILT A MODERN SMELTER, ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST, IN TEXAS CITY, TEXAS.



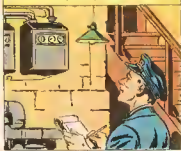
TIN SMELTED IN TEXAS HELPED WIN THE WAR. SHIPMENTS OF FOOD AND EQUIPMENT PUT ASHORE ON BEACHES AND WHARVES HAD TO BE SECURELY PACKED IN DURABLE CONTAINERS. TIN ALSO WENT INTO THE MAKING OF WAR EQUIPMENT.



TIN IS USED IN SCIENCE TO MAKE SALTS AND CHEMICALS.



TIN GOES INTO THE MAKING OF A GAS METER.



BECAUSE OF ITS COUNTLESS USES TIN IS JUSTLY CALLED "THE WORLD'S MOST VALUABLE METAL AFTER GOLD AND SILVER."



SKEE BARRY

SALVAGE DIVER--U.S.N.

PART
5

WHAT'S WRONG, SKEE?

CASE IS BREAKING UP. LOWER CABLE TO BOTTOM. SEND ME DOWN ANOTHER CABLE SO I CAN SECURE THE CASE.

SKEE IS IN DANGER OF GUNS FALLING FROM THE BROKEN CASE, UNLESS IT IS IMMEDIATELY LOWERED TO THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER.

CASE IS ON THE RIVER BED.

BARRY, DO YOU NEED HELP?

NO, I CAN HANDLE THIS MYSELF.

HAUL HER UP!

HE TIED IT UP LIKE A BOX OF CANDY. GOOD WORK!

THAT WAS ALL RIGHT, BARRY! WE BROUGHT UP ALL BUT ONE CASE OF GUNS. THE COLONEL IS PUTTING THEM ABOARD TONIGHT.

GUESS THE BOYS OVERSEAS CAN USE THEM RIGHT ENOUGH!

BACK AT THE PIER ONCE MORE....



THE COMMANDER WANTS
TO SEE YOU, SKEE.
HE'S IN HIS OFFICE.

I'LL HAVE TO GO
UP IN MY
WORK CLOTHES
IF HE WANTS
TO SEE ME
NOW.



COMMANDING
OFFICER




WELL, BARRY, IT
LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU
WON'T BE WITH US
MUCH LONGER. THESE
ARE YOUR ORDERS.

YES, SIR, I'M
SHIPPING OUT. I'M
LEAVING NEW YORK
THIS WEEK. I WONDER
WHERE I'LL WIND
UP.



LAFFY, YOU FOUR-LEGGED SAILOR!
GIVE ME BACK MY PICTURE.
THAT MUST GO WITH
ME - IT'S MY BEST
GIRL! I SHOULD HAVE
LEFT YOU BELOW.



SO LONG, FELLOWS! AS SOON
AS I GET WHERE I'M GOING
I'LL SEND YOU A V-MAIL.

GOOD LUCK, SKEE! REMEMBER US TO
ANY OF THE OLD SCHOOL GRADS
YOU HAPPEN TO MEET.



GOOD-BY, BOY!
I'LL MISS YOU
EVERY TIME I
COME UP FROM
A DIVE.



ONE NIGHT SKEE GOES ABOARD A VESSEL BOUND FOR ONE OF THE THEATERS OF WAR.

WE'VE BEEN AT SEA THREE DAYS, BUT ALL I KNOW IS THAT WE'RE HEADED ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

SHAFT ALLEY GOSSIP HAS IT THAT WE'RE GOING ANYWHERE FROM SOUTH AFRICA TO ICELAND OR THE MARIANAS.



BATTLE STATIONS MEN!



A SUBMARINE IS SIGHTED. MEN PREPARE TO DEFEND THEMSELVES AND THEIR SHIP.

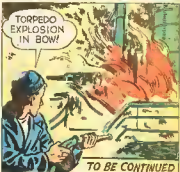
FULL SPEED AHEAD! WE'LL OUTDISTANCE HER.



THE SUBMARINE LAUNCHES A TORPEDO.



TORPEDO EXPLOSION IN BOW!



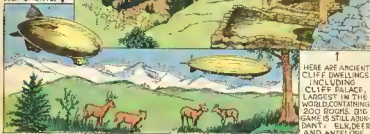
TO BE CONTINUED

COLORADO *the Centennial State.*

COLORADO, IN SPANISH, MEANS "RED"

HERE ARE FOUND
GREAT QUANTITIES
OF HELIUM, NON-
COMBUSTIBLE ELE-
MENT USED TO
INFLATE DIRIGI-
BLES AND GLIMPS.

THERE ARE 14
NATIONAL FORESTS,
SEVERAL NATIONAL
PARKS AND
NATIONAL
MONUMENTS. ↓



↑
HERE ARE ANCIENT
CLIFF DWELLINGS
INCLUDING
CLIFF PALACE,
LARGEST IN THE
WORLD, CONTAINING
200 ROOMS. BIG
GAME IS STILL ABUN-
DANT: ELK, DEER,
AND ANTELOPE.

DELAWARE *the Diamond State*

NAMED FOR LORD DE LA WARR, ENGLISH GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA,
WHO ENTERED DELAWARE BAY IN 1610



HENRY HUDSON DISCOVERED DELAWARE
BAY IN 1609 ON THE "HALF MOON"

ONE OF THE 13 ORIGINAL STATES,
THE SECOND SMALLEST IN THE U.S.,
DELAWARE WAS THE FIRST TO RATIFY
THE U.S. CONSTITUTION IN 1787.

SMALL AS IT IS,
DELAWARE HAS BEEN
DUTCH (1630), SWED-
ISH (1638), BRITISH
(1664) AND PART
OF THE U.S. (1776)

HOME OF
DU PONT, LARGEST MANUFACTURER
OF CHEMICAL PRODUCTS IN U.S.

Mystery of the LIMPING MAN

BY GRIFFIN JAY



Part V

Except for a patch of moonlight in the corner, the room was totally dark. Mike couldn't quite make out where he was. But then, there was much that Mike could not make out as he lay, fully dressed, on top of the bed. He was shaking with chills. Breathing, except in short gasps, pained him severely. Things weren't straight in his mind, and the more he tried to get them clear, the more jumbled they became.

He tried once more. He remembered that after Ivan the Terrible had gone, he had taken the ice-sailboat and had crossed to Camp Bracy. He had sneaked up to the only lighted house and there, through a slightly open window, had heard Tony Evans and two other men talking about Three Corners.

Mike had then sailed the boat along the shore until he had found Three Corners. Climbing a tree, he had seen a little old man in an upper room working with jewels. So this was the funny business that Johnny Drake was trying to solve—jewel thieves! Well, Mike had thought, climbing down the tree, he hadn't found Johnny but he had found what Johnny was after. This was something! Mike could already see himself reporting his find to Tod.

And at the foot of the tree he had dropped into a pair of rough arms. Mike had tried to fight but had been helpless. The man had laughed an ugly laugh and after that Mike couldn't get things straight. Nothing was clear to him except that the door was opening, the light was on, and Tony Evans was moving to the bedside. Mike started up, but Tony forced him down and held him down. Mike kept on struggling until Tony said just one word:

"Mike!" That was all. "Mike!" It was said sharply but it had a friendly ring. "Mike!"

Mike could not believe it. Tony felt his brow, took his pulse. He was starting to unlatch Mike's shirt when the door opened again and a slender, sleek man said from the doorway, "Playing nurse, Evans?"

Mike could see fierce anger flash across Tony's face; the boy could see the man fighting his own wrath. After a struggle, Tony's face wore a smile and then he turned and said pleasantly, "Yes, Lefty, I'm being nurse, but we need a doctor. This is a very sick youngster."

"Maybe in a little while a doctor won't be needed," the man called Lefty said.

"What do you mean?" Tony demanded.

Lefty stood with his hands in his pockets. "You figure it out," he said. "Scoop just called. We've got to pull out—and quick. We can't carry extra baggage, either Drake or the kid, and we can't leave them here to identify us if we're caught. So, Evans, don't worry about a doctor. No doctor can cure what the kid's going to have."

Tony put Mike under the covers and said to Lefty, "Let's talk this over outside."

Lefty laughed. "O. K., Evans. But we'll turn out the light and lock the door. The kid'll need to get used to being locked in a small dark place."

Lefty alone, Mike tried to think. What was it all about—Tony's friendliness, Scoop, Drake, and a small dark place? Mike drifted off into feverish sleep.

The moonlight was gone when he awoke.



The room was pitch black, but Mike sensed that he was not alone. He moved slightly. A hand pressed his arm and a voice whispered, "All right, Mike. It's Tony. Don't talk. Johnny's here too."

A strong hand squeezed his other arm. Mike couldn't be still. "Johnny? Johnny Drake? I found you, didn't I, Johnny?"

A gentle finger silenced his lips. "You found me, Mike, old man, you alone. I've got two grand friends, Mike Fields and Tony Evans. I'll never forget either."

The two men crossed the room and the boy could hear their whispers—though not their words. He didn't care to know any more. When Johnny had called Tony his friend, Mike had given up trying to understand.

Heavy footsteps sounded somewhere in the house, then angry voices, a heavy pounding as if on a locked door, then a violent crash as of a door being smashed in.

"Well, Johnny," said Tony, chuckling, "Lefty and Link know now you're not home. Better get into that closet. Go on. Don't argue."

"All right, Tony," Johnny said. "You're boss. But don't think I'm staying in any closet if the boys play rough."

Mike heard Johnny pull the closet door behind him. A split second later the room door burst open and the light flashed on. Lefty in the doorway faced Tony in the center of the room. Both had guns; both guns roared. Lefty pitched forward knocking Tony's gun from his hand. Mike saw another man, the man called Link, in the doorway, pointing a gun at Tony. Mike turned his head away and shut his eyes. He couldn't look at what he was sure was going

to happen to Tony. Moments passed; feet shuffled. Mike waited for the gun to speak. Instead, a harsh voice asked, "This kid, is he out, or is he dead?"

Mike moved not a hair. Tony answered, "Out cold, Link. What does a kid matter?"

"Where's Drake?" Link's harsh voice asked.

Mike had to struggle to keep his eyes shut. Unless Tony gave some sign, he gave no answer. After a pause, Link said, "So you're not talking, eh? O. K., Evans, back up against the wall beside the closet. No, the other side, where the door opens."

Mike could stand it no longer. He fluttered his eyelids slightly and peered from beneath them. A form stood at the foot of his bed. Opening his eyes fully, Mike saw Link's burly back and, beyond, Tony against the wall. Link raised his voice, "All right, Drake, I'll count three. Open the door before three or I'll shoot through it. One!"

Mike gathered his legs under him.

"Two!"

Mike took a firm grip on the bed covers.

"Three!"

Mike sprang.

His knees carried his full weight into Link's back. Mike felt him quiver, hug as he was. At the same instant Mike threw the covers over the gunman's head. The gun thundered as Mike and Link, tangled to the bed clothes, fell on top of Lefty. Another body crashed into them, and another, and still another. That was all Mike remembered.

When he regained consciousness he was lying on the bed again. The light was dim. His face was being wiped with a cold, rough towel.



Mike said, "Thanks, Tony. Are you all right?"

"It's not Tony, Mike," a gruff, husky voice, said

Mike managed a light laugh. "Gee, Johnny, when you crashed out of that closet, you hit us like a pile-driver."

The husky voice said softly, "It's not Johnny, Mike."

Mike sighed, "Not Tony, not Johnny. I can't figure it out. My brain's got cobwebs."

"It's Uncle Charley, Mike."

Mike bolted upright on the bed. "Uncle Charley! It is! And boy, it's good! But, Uncle Charley, how did you get here?"

"Well," Uncle Charley said, "promise you'll be quiet and I'll tell you briefly what's happened."

Mike nodded his promise, though every bit of him was tingling with excitement.

"Shortly after you left for Camp Bracy," Uncle Charley began, "I got to the cottage. Then the other four arrived. It was then we missed you. While we were wondering what to do, the sheriff came along with that tramp, Ivan. Ivan told us about your giving him your knife as a reward for his news of Johnny. We figured you had gone to Camp Bracy. The sheriff with one of his men, and Scoop Tuttle and I drove over there. We couldn't do much at night, and this morning any tracks you had left had been washed out by rain. We searched all day, but no luck.

"I had telephoned the boys several times to find if anything had happened. Early this evening Tod told me about this place, Three Corners. He also told me he suspected Scoop Tuttle and why. Then it struck me that Scoop hadn't been with us the last few hours. Tod told me Scoop was in the *Journal* office. I told Tod to go to town and keep an eye on Tuttle.

"Then the sheriff and I came over here. Just as we parked up the road, we heard shots. I got up here just as you tackled Lefty's partner. Tony, Johnny, and I all went for him at once. What a scream!"

Mike laughed. "So you were the sixth man. Boy, you hit harder than your locomotive at top speed."

"You took a beating, Mike, but you were wonderful. I'm proud to know so fine a man." Though his lips were trembling, Mike said,



"Uncle Charley, what about Tony Evans?"

Uncle Charley removed the towel from Mike's head and said, "Say, Mike, can you beat Tony? Did you know he's a New York detective? Got in with this jewel mob by faking a robbery himself. Been living with them for months. Has them all sewed up and ready for jail. And, Mike, Tony thinks you're great."

Mike felt great, felt he could conquer the world. He wouldn't have felt that way had he known what Uncle Charley knew, but Uncle Charley didn't tell. Instead, he said, "Yes, Mike, Tony thinks you're so great, he wants you to go to the hospital with him. You know, Tony was battered up, has his arm in a sling, in fact. But Tony's scared of hospitals. Wouldn't hear of going until I called up and reserved a two-bed room, and made the hospital promise that you, Mike, would have the other bed. You'll do it, won't you, Mike—for Tony?"

"Why, sure, Uncle Charley—for Tony," Mike said.

Uncle Charley went out. Down the hall Tony waited. His arm was in a sling.

"Did it work?" Tony asked.

Uncle Charley started to speak but nodded instead. As he turned away, Tony saw a tear in his eye. Tony put his "wounded" arm around Uncle Charley's shoulders. Uncle Charley looked at the empty sling and laughed. Tony poked him in the ribs with the elbow of the wounded arm, put the arm back in the sling, assumed an expression of pain, and went in to Mike. (To be concluded)

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SENIOR

February 12, 1948

Mr. George A. Pflaum
Cap. A. Pflaum, Publisher, Inc.
124 East Third Street
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Mr. Pflaum:

TREASURE CHEST, your new picture magazine, has just come to my attention. I read it with interest.

This new publication, I am gratified to find, is not just another "Comic" Book. While it uses the so-called comic technique, its editorial content is wholesome and well balanced, interesting and instructive.

Children, we are aware, like action, excitement, romance. These are to be found abundantly in the biographies of the Saints, and in the lives of the other truly great in history. TREASURE CHEST offers material of this kind.

Youngsters are always interested in doing things in which they can test their skill. I like the ROBINSONS' KUMBAH ROOM feature because, while satisfying this desire, it also works toward making the home the center of activities for the children and their friends.

The content in TREASURE CHEST is, on the whole, exceptionally good. I am glad to see that you are offering set that is as superior to that found in comic books generally.

Whether or not we, as educators, like the comic technique is somewhat beside the point. We are faced with the fact that children read comic books, literally devour them, objectionable though many of them be. It would seem to me that, confronted with this situation, we should employ the most effective means to combat the objectionable comic publications, that of offering a worthwhile substitute. TREASURE CHEST is worthwhile.

Your 40 years of publishing experience in the Catholic school field and the prestige established by your CATHOLIC MESSENGER SERIES should and will be reflected in TREASURE CHEST.

Sincerely yours,

Frederick H. Horne